

THE FORAY OF THE HENDRIK HUDSON.

FRANK MACKENZIE
SAVILLE
(KARL ELIAS)



COPYRIGHT
1899
BY
F.M. SAVILE

A TALE OF '54

A PRAESCRIPT.

Out of the gray emptiness of the Baltic the slow, sullen waves were rolling, thundering on the sands of the little rock ringed bay with monotonous, rhythmic fall. The horizon was an uncertain merge of sea and sky, unbroken by a single sail. The swirl of the lagging breakers made a never ending drone, swallowing all lesser sounds into a stillness. From out of the deep the mighty swellings marched upon the strand, moving silences of resistless power. But for the sea birds that perked and preened their white bosoms upon the dark rocks the place seemed void, lifeless, desolate.

Yet behind one of the smooth, tide worn boulders something moved—something that pecked and snatched at the pebbles with white, nerveless fingers, clawing at them aimlessly. Beneath the shadow of the rock crouched a man, bearded, long haired, in filthy rags, swart with the dust of road and field, animal, savage, huddling to the stone like a laired jackal.

At his feet lay a cup, a tall, richly chased, double handed beaker, gleaming yellow with the sheen of gold unalloyed. Ringed round it on the sand lay a necklace of amber beads, each pellet large as a cherry and locked to its neighbor by thick strands of virgin metal.

The lean fingers toyed and twisted the circle of beads into a hundred shapes and coronals, and as the human beast lifted up its voice now and again a mirthless laugh cleared the uneasy beat of the surges. The harsh rasp of it cut the echoes horribly, and circling in their poised squadrons overhead the terns wailed an answering plaint. From far inland out of the gathering dusk came a long drawn, throaty call, the howl of the wolf leading the famished pack afield.

There were other wolves afoot than those faint scavengers of the night. Behind the ring of rocks that ridged landward behind the bay another man crouched and watched, hungrily the ragged wolf upon the sand. His eyes gleamed tigerishly, his hands grasped with knotted muscles the tags of seaweed beside him; half leaning, half squatting, his loins heaving with the violence of his pulses, swaying his body uncertainly. Now and again he left his strict vigil into the cove and swept his gaze impatiently inland. Down upon the pebbles the restless vagrant churned the sand and wreathed the necklace ceaselessly, and his vain, joyless laugh rang in idle repetition across the rocks.

At the sound the spy shook with angry tension, and his body arched as if to spring. So might a coward wolf be crouched behind a slow dying bullock.

Suddenly across a glade of the haggard pine forest behind him three distant figures showed in black, moving dots. In one of the swift peering across the tumble of boulders they caught his eye.

For a second he hesitated; then with a last look at the wretch, who still thrashed and crooned upon the pebbles, he turned and ran, bending almost to his belly, among the tangle of granite slabs between the foreshore and the forest.

It was with the slinking travel of a stoat rather than the gait of a man



The lean fingers twisted the circle of beads into a hundred shapes and coronals, that he sped into the twilight of the pines, twisting his way among the dark trunks. It was with a stoat's sudden, silent uprising that he emerged into the path and stood before three gray coated soldiers.

The leader, with the chevrons of a sergeant on his sleeve, looked at him as a terrier might at the ferret who thrusts out the rat into his jaws. His face was a concentrated sneer as he found his voice in a single word.

"Well?" he queried.

"All is well, little father. I have tracked him. Some of the spoil lies beside him openly."

In the excitement of his reply he drew up to the soldier, and his eyes gleamed into the other's repugnant face. His hands worked one within another calmly.

The sergeant fell back with a gesture of disgust.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "Lead on, sleuthhound."

For a single instant a malicious spasm crossed the eager face. Then the white teeth shone with a snarl. Then the bent shoulders dropped back into their grove of deference, and the human stoat began to wind among the tumbled rocks again as he had come. The sergeant and his two apathetic companions followed, their military uprightness sadly broken by the yawning clefts.

Down upon the sands the outcast still smote childishly at his sheltering mass of granite and looped his amber beads. Nor did he alter his position as the four advanced upon him. Only the nasal shrilling of his laughter brayed out rather more justly upon the

silence and prolonged itself into the echoes of the shore.

He scooped a handful of orange sand into his goblet and raised it to his mouth, pledging the newcomers in fantastic show. Then again his yelling travesty of mirth broke across the rush and backflow of the tide.

One of the waiting soldiers thrust his hand into his breast and touched the elkon that hung from his swarthy throat. He called softly the good saint's name to protect him from all devils.

The sergeant laid his hand roughly upon the ragged shoulder. "No more fooling," said he tersely. "Get up, dog."

The wild, aimless hands still moved the pebbles unheeding, and the blurred eyes roved vacantly across the waste of waters. A flake or two of snow began to fall from the massed clouds.

The suddenness of the sergeant's kick at the huddled limbs, cursing with a fierce oath their listless, inhuman awayings.

The tossing, ungoverned hands staid themselves into rigid surprise beneath the stroke of the heavy boot. Then with a yell of furious pain the man animal sprang upon his aggressor, tearing and worrying with blind, bestial ferocity at his flesh. A crimson stain followed quick upon the leopard-like spring, smearing the coarse uniform. The two men fell together to earth, their strivings beating the pebbly strand as a pestle beats within a mortar. They lost themselves in an indistinguishable whirl of striving, oath spitting rage.

The suddenness of the fray at first left the others motionless with amazement. Then with a shout they fell upon the twined furies of the fight and tore their leader from the throttling hands of his assailant. It took the three of them to restrain the madman's writhings. It was not till they had shackled him with the straps of their bandoliers that they had him under any control. With linked hands and ankles he rolled upon the sand, shrieking his unintelligible mouthings in a frenzy of fighting lust.

The blasphemies of the sergeant rose from him like a cloud as he laved his torn limbs in the sea water.

"The accursed brute's a maniac!" he shouted. "Wither and blast him! Why in the name of St. Paul and all saints did you let me handle the hog, you son of perdition?" he asked fiercely, turning on the spy.

"One of the noble birth," pleaded the other. "He shams. As there is a God in heaven he makes pretense of this delirium to conceal his evil doings. Give me but leave to question him with fear, and he shall tell all—all, as I live."

"Do your devilment," quoth the sergeant with a coarse oath as he turned again to the washing of his boots, and into the eyes of the man stoat rose a light of unbelly, hideous desire.

They stretched the kicking, writhing wretch upon the shore and pulled rocks upon him, crushing his breath from him to the bare limits of existence. Between his bound fingers they buried matches; beneath his nails they thrust splinters; after each torture they plied him with one question—a single, monotonous query. Naught did they get save yells that might have sprung from the ninth circle of the lost.

In his disappointment and lust for cruelty the unsuccessful torturer suggested unprintable atrocities. The soldiers, already sickened into half a mutiny, cursed him into silence. Finally at a word from the leader they heaved their chattering victim to his feet, unbound his lower limbs and between them forced him across the rocks forestward. They faded down the trail among the pines as the evening closed upon them, and the snow began to fall in earnest at last.

The great feathery fakes thickened and swirled in the air, carpeting the ground in swiftly piling layers. They fell upon the pines and spruces of the forest till each to the topmost bough was laden and drooping with the clinging weight. They covered and wiped out the dark trail as a schoolboy sponges his slate. The woods were peeling down the winter clothing—thick, woolly, as the bears that lived among them. They would not doff it till the spring. Night and snow wrapped them as by curtains that ran upon a single rod.

The men tumbled along wearily, thrusting their prisoner before them. They cursed impartially the weather and their quest, nor forgot to spare an execration or two for their guide, who slunk ahead, wiping now and again the drifted snow from a pine trunk to seek the yellow blaze upon it. As the darkness deepened he did this with increasing difficulty, scrambling at the fake wrapped bolls with the nervous energy of despair. At every halt the sergeant swore with growing fervor, and the wretched craven shook with dismal fright.

Faintly down the aisles of pine came a moaning, drift borne cry. Low, deep and full it began, then swelled and shrilled to raving discords of hunger and desire. The single, first heard note lost itself in a tossing chorus of yells. Leaping, echoing, they smote apart the thick silences of the snow bound forest. With gathering, swift growing suddenness they filled the night. From every thicket they rose out of seeming emptiness. The roof of naked boughs cast them back to earth as they rolled and the wretched craven shook with dismal fright.

The four and their prisoner were stumbling below a barrier of rocks that edged the forest. Black clefts and cranies broke its overhanging face. The fearsome echoes beat upon it and were flung back as from a sounding board. Dark, lithe, snow patched forms were about their path. The blaze of hot, devouring eyes glowed from countless lairs among the boulders and bushes that fringed the

foot. A thousand fangs were bared upon them—yellow, snarling, whetted for slaughter, lust for blood.

The soldiers backed upon the rocks and with rifles at the ready peered out into the night. Groveling behind them, thrusting at the sheer wall as if he would seek refuge in its pitiless breast, moaning, abject, huddled and scarce human, crouched the guide. Straddling across him, gibbering, calling, laughing aloud his gleeful mirth, churning the snow with shoeless feet, beating with bound hands upon the stones, stood the captive and spurred the cowering wretch with his trappings.

A score of paces away the gray wolves raged then in and licked their lean jaws. Thrusting and jostling one upon another, they gaped upon their prey ravenously, lashing themselves by slow degrees to the desperation of attack.

The sergeant was muttering and cursing, fingering with nervous hands at the lock of his rifle.

He turned and with a tick and fierce oath quieted the whinings of the guide. At the same moment his glance rested on the prisoner. A peculiar expression passed his face. As one who acts on sudden impulse, he drew from his belt his sheathed knife and cut savagely at the lashings that bound the other's wrists. With the strength of despair—the despair that poises all on one last throw—he flung him forward almost into the jaws of the clamoring, fighting throng.

"Run, son of a dog, run!" he roared. "Curses be thick on you! Make into the forest!"

With a yell that rang and shrilled unearthly above the baying of the pack the madman smote fullback upon the closed ranks of eager famine, bursting the serried line by mere force of impact and surprise. Out into the drift swept avenues he leaped, and with hot teeth aglaze and howls as from the pit the torrent of wolves swirled together and swept upon his track.

A short 50 yards he held his advantage. Then with a snap the fangs of the leader met in his fleshless thigh. Screaming, he turned and with maniac strength seized in each hand a white toothed jaw and rent and split them one from each other.

As he cast away the torn and bloody mask, like a crested wave the pack flung itself upon him, bellowing for slaughter, snarling, tangled, biting with unseeing fury each other's twisted limbs.

Above the wretch's head a pine branch ran out, bent with the gales of scores of winters, frost shrunk, but gnarled to a sapless strength. Bleeding, desperate, shrieking, he raised and linked his tormented arms about it and, strong with his furious agony, swung himself up out of the wild hurle of teeth and flying fur.

A score of disappointed ravens leaped at their escaping quarry and scored and stripped the skin from him with straining teeth. Still shrieking, he dragged himself forward and crawled horribly toward the trunk. The dark blood fell in gouty spots on the snow, and the panting brutes below licked and sniffed at it with quivering lips.

Above their torn victim climbed and moved among the pine needles to a higher shelter. As the friendly boughs closed about him, wrapping him in their warm, welcome shelter, veiling him from the yelling horde below, some tension snapped within him like the sudden parting of a riddle string. A cry, gasping, inhuman, like the scream of the speared otter, rang out above the wild clamor of the pack. Limply he fell forward into the thickness of the knitted twigs and lay motionless. His body hung derelict like the wind drift of a storm.

Beneath the living corpse the wolves swung round to seek for quicker meat. Back from the ruddy, trampled patch of snow they charged, filled with the fury that has tasted blood, in thick, resistless column that staid not for knife or gun.

Three shots rang out, and, with howls of a thousand men, they smote upon their prey. For 30 frightful seconds four swaying tangles of rending teeth and claws fought and churned the snow, while out of them burst oaths, shrieks and the spurting blood of men. Then came quiet but for the snarl of jealous raiders and the crunch of human bones.

One by one the glutton scavengers sought their lairs. The white light of the rising moon showed only scarlet trappings and shreds of gray uniform where three rides had fallen abroad. Among the pine needles an inert body still lay without sign of life, like some high tossed jettison of the forest.

CHAPTER I.

A HOSPITAL PATIENT.

"It's good to see you again, old man," said Barr, the house surgeon. "The fat of prosperity's thick upon you. Heavens, what a skinny fellow you used to be, and now—good Lord!"

The other smiled richly. The mellow March sunshine glinted through the open window and enveloped him with a wealthy halo. His waistcoat was creased with complacent folds. He blew a long cloud of smoke and beamed upon his companion.

"It is good," he assented briefly. Then as the happy prospect loosened his tongue he became suddenly glib. "By Jove, Arthur, to think that it was only in '52 that I was a weary wound dresser like you and this is only '54, two years! It seems a lifetime, old boy."

Barr smiled back, but a little drearily. "It seems more than two years to me, but—for other reasons."

"Poor old chap," sympathized Desmond. "You've been tied to this old place all that time, while I—Look here, Arthur, come with me! You've never tasted freedom yet. Come with me, old man. I'll show you. The sea, my boy, the boundless sea. Hackneyed phrase that, but, my, it's so!"

Barr shrugged his shoulders. "Thanks, my old man. Awful good of you, but impossible."

"Is it?" queried the other. "That's where you make your mistake. The old Hendrik's in dock now, red and so forth, but next week I go out again upon the waters. Come, Arthur. Come with me and be my love. You shall live—the life of the blameless salt. You shall smell the sweet sea instead of filthy antiseptics, learn the inside clinch or the fisherman's bend instead of the eternal

bandage, roll and bandage. You'll sleep the dreamless sleep of the surge rocked mariner—poetry that—instead of 'Please, sir, No. 52's a-choking and a-coughing' 'orrid'."

Barr chuckled.

"Yes, they generally choose about 2 a. m. to wake up and choke," he answered, with a twinkle. "It would be scrumptious to get away for awhile, but—but it's no good thinking of it. I haven't, old man. I should get the boot. I can't afford that."

The other gurgled gleefully, licking the butt of a new cigar. "Fact is, old chap," he said, half apologetically, "I've arranged it. Met Sir William on the stairs. Deuced civil, he was. Mentioned old days when I dressed for him. Congratulated me on the splen-



He sat up and addressed them, gesticulating violently.

did position to which I'd succeeded. Had known Uncle Silas well. Heard my Norfolk shooting was among the best in England. Was it 100 or 550 birds we got when Lowndes was with me? Naturally I took the hint. And the speaker giggled reminiscently.

"Well?" queried Barr breathlessly. "What's that got to do with?"

"Shut up. Naturally I asked him if he'd look me up in October. Delighted. Booked 15th to 22d then and there. Then I said how run down you looked. He quite agreed. I suggested sea voyage. He thought it just the thing. Should mention it to the board. Might tell my friend. So pleased to have met me. Au revoir."

Barr leaped to his feet and fairly yelled. "What! I'm to have a month without having to go. Did he promise? Billy, if it's so, you're a cherub."

"Two months," quoth Billy stolidly. "Told him there was no good in half measures. He thought the same. Fane's to take it on."

Barr snatched his friend upon the shoulder and danced to the window and back to the fireplace in three skips.

"Billy," he bawled, "you're the original Samaritan reincarnated. In another month I verily believe I should have fallen by the wayside. And now, now!" The speaker found no words to explain his rapture.

"That's all right, old man, that's all right," said the stout benefactor. "Within a couple of weeks you'll be deathly sick and cursing me. But it'll do you a power of good. The sickness I mean, not the curing. Now, just walk me round the old chapel house again, for old sake's sake. I should like to sniff the carbolic once more."

They wandered up the broad stairway together and into the long wards, the sights and sounds and smells sink into the soul of Barr's companion with a familiarity that rolled back as a curtain the last two magnificent years. He was no longer the county magistrate, the yacht owner, the proprietor of a string of Newmarket cracks. He was just plain Billy Desmond again, and the white faces that stared from above the edges of the blue check coverlets roused in him a professional instinct and—believe it as you may—a professional pity that left no room for other and more powerful emotions.

He stopped and looked curiously at a dot card or two and patted a child's thin hand that was picking idly at the bed cover.

"Anything out of the common, old chap?" he queried.

"No," said Barr cautiously. "Rather curious tracheotomy that. Child here for common fracture of the leg. She was playing with a tin soldier the mother brought and swallowed it. We had to pierce the trachea in a hurry to prevent choking. That's a strange case over in the corner too. It's a beggar picked up insensible Wapping way. When he came to, he could only say one word, or rather make one sound. Sir William made it out to be a form of aphasia—splinter pressing on the brain. He operated. Quite right, splinter was there. He makes any amount of sounds now, but the worst of it is we can't understand one of 'em."

They were standing opposite a cot in which a white faced, bearded man thrashed wearily at the blankets and chattered to himself in a torrent of hoarse, guttural words. He gazed eagerly at the pair as they approached, and the storm of soliloquy rose higher. He sat up and addressed them, gesticulating violently.

Suddenly Desmond staid himself and stopped short at the bed foot.

"Great heavens!" he declared. "The chap's talking Finnish!"

"Finnish?" quoth Barr with an indulgent smile. "What on earth d'you know of Finnish, Billy?"

"Not much, old man. But I've been up the Baltic for three months out of each year for the last two, so I know something. As far as I can make out he's jawing infernal nonsense, but that it's the nonsense of Finland I'm prepared to bet my hat."

He turned to the bed and said a few heartening words.

A light leaped to the hopeless, weary eyes, and the lips left their aimless motion, gapping wide in astonishment. Then a yell resounded through the quiet of the ward. The patient sprang inconspicuously from his bed and flung his arms round Desmond's neck. Before the latter could repel this outrageous assault two bearded lips had pressed a passionate salute upon his forehead. Then with triumphant gesticulation the storm of words roared on.

The ward was morally and physical-

ly paralyzed. Doctor, nurses and patients stared upon this astounding rupture of the decorum of the room entirely unable to voice their emotions. The mouthed babblings of the Finn smote upon a silence born of stupefaction.

Desmond laughed gleefully.

"Well, old chap, how's that? Bring him somewhere for me to talk to him comfortably. He's simply wild with excitement and delight at finding a Johnny who understands him. It won't do for me to colloquy with him here. It would upset the ward."

"If you're quite sure that he's not a dangerous lunatic," began Barr.

"That's right enough," interrupted Desmond, turning toward the door. "You send him along to me, and I'll find out all about him. He's as sane as you or me now. Send him along."

Barr shrugged his shoulders and made no further opposition. At his order two attendants came forward and helped the man into the regulation slop suit of the convalescent. Supporting him, they followed Desmond down to the house surgeon's private room. There they left him pouring out words and yet more words at his new found friend. One of the attendants thrust his tongue into his cheek as he retired into the passage. He winked toward his companion and tapped his forehead significantly.

"You're right," said the other. "Both of 'em, I should say. Then they passed back to routine grinning."

Barr went on through the wards, and an hour had gone by before he finished his rounds. When he returned to his room again, the patient was still talking, talking, but the first passionate outburst had subsided into a slow, ceaseless stream of monologue. Desmond, his elbows leaned upon the table, was staring across at him. His eyes were alight with an interest that his usual stout complacency utterly failed to conceal.

"My goodness, Arthur," he called as Barr entered. "Come here and pluck me, old chap. Either I'm dreaming the worst sort of nightmare or else we've got a chance before us that doesn't happen to a man twice in a lifetime. Such things as I've heard!"

Barr sniffed. "You must recollect, Billy, that the beggar's only half witted at present. Aphasia's a rummy thing. Probably he's just remembering something that he's dreamed or what not, and thinks it's a reality. What's he been trying to tell you?"

"You shall hear hereafter, old man. For the present get this beggar into a private ward and the best of attendance. I'll stand the shot. I want him to buck up and get well—and as quick as possible too."

Barr did not look enthusiastic. "He's been getting everything he wants so far," he said stiffly. "We don't ill treat them as a rule, even in the public wards."

Desmond chuckled joyously. "There, there, my son, don't be silly. You forget I know the secrets of the slaughter house as well as you. I know he's had the best of everything, but he hasn't had the quiet he needs, or, rather, that I shall need, for I'm coming to see him every day. Next week he sails with you and me for Uleaborg, and very likely for one or two other places that you've never heard of. So don't you be a hedgehog, but do as I tell you."

Barr stared at him in deepest astonishment. "Good Lord!" he burst out. "You're going to take this Yiddisher son of your yacht! Heavens above! Billy, you're as demented as he is."

"Now, my good Arthur," answered Desmond solemnly, "don't you think I may know my own business as well as you do? Get this man comfortably into a private ward, and then, but not before, you shall hear all there is to hear. What's the good of arguing about things you don't understand in the least?"

Barr shrugged his shoulders and dropped further discussion. In silence he touched the bell. Back came the two attendants and he received their further orders. Desmond added a guttural word or two to the patient, and all three retired stairward. The Finn continued to wave his hand excitedly toward his benefactor as he withdrew upward, and the flow of his grateful words died slowly into the emptiness of the passages. A door shut in the distance. The last echoes of his chattering were still.

Then Barr turned again to his friend. "Now, perhaps," said he, "you'll be kind enough to explain yourself. What has this hopeless imbecile been stuffing you with?"

The other looked at him with an air of compassion. He slipped the end of his cigar and spat a shroud of leaf into the grate before he answered, settling himself comfortably into the recesses of his armchair.

"What an old, fat headed, narrow minded customer you are, Arthur," he began cheerfully. "Ever been out of England yet? No; now I come to think of it, you never have. Well, we'll right all that presently. However, here goes for the romance, if you like to think it so. I swear to you it's gospel truth. I feel it in my bones. The chap couldn't have possibly imagined the thing. Besides, I've heard myself—but that's neither here nor there."

Barr shoved forward the other easy chair and reached for a cigarette.

"Well, I'll hear you," he said, "but draw it mild if it's particularly sensational. The practice of medicine doesn't induce a high level of receptivity for the marvelous. Trot out your lie. I'll reserve judgment till afterward."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOARDING HIS CRAFT.

And the Enemy Was Forced to Retire Insignificantly.

Through negotiations conducted between an eastern attorney and a local real estate man, one of the old school captains, who had sailed the waters salt and fresh, purchased a pretty residence in the northern part of the city. He happened to come on while the agent was superintending some improvements to the property.

"Abo!" hailed the captain as he moved in sight. "That's her, hey? And a tidy little craft she is! Good hold in ground, too, for the man as would cast anchor to stay till final orders. Pardon, sir, for not firing a salute on dippin the ensign, sir. We'll crack a bottle over the captain, me hearty, and then the rules has got to be observed, sir, for even an old gut like myself is liable to take a consort."

Naturally enough, the agent thought the captain was drunk and was indis-

Jos. Finch's
Golden
Wedding.

The Banner
Liquor House
Cor. Main and Exchange Sts.

GUCKENHEIMER'S
PURE RYE!
Freeport
Distillery.

Is the place where you always find the largest stock of selected brands of

Whiskies, Brandies, Wines

And all kinds of imported goods.

WE RETAIL AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

MASCOT RYE

Is a delicious, wholesome whisky. The whisky without a headache.

Per Gallon, - - - \$1.95
Honest Quart, - - - 50c

19 YEAR OLD BOWEN RYE...SPRING 1880

Nearly old enough to vote.

FOR XMAS, THE NICEST PRESENT AND BEST MERRY MAKER.

.. CALIFORNIA SELECT WINES ..

Per Gal. 90c. Per Quart 25c.

All packages delivered free in the city and vicinity, bearing no marks on the outside, indicating the contents.

MT. VERNON
RYE.

The Banner
Liquor House
Cor. Main and Exchange Sts.

HUDSON RYE
XXXX

Cutlery For the Holiday

We sell the best and most reliable makes in

Carving Sets

Knives and Forks

And all kinds of Cutlery.

Headquarters for

Knives, Horse Blankets, Lap Robes and Whips.

Loaded Shells of all kinds. Sporting goods of every variety.

Rohrbacher & Allen

Builders' Hardware, Nails, Paints, Glass, Oil, Etc.

Tel. 70. 170 S. Howard st.

FOR CHRISTMAS WE HAVE

Christmas Trees, Nuts, Oranges, Apples, Grapes, Sugars, Candies, Etc., Etc.

GEO. HAAS, Grocer.

Telephone 478.

127 North Howard st.

If you are interested in

TEETH

GIVE US A CALL

Crown and Bridge Work can't be beat. Prices are consistent. Gold fillings \$1 up. Best teeth \$8.00.

Philadelphia Dental Rooms